

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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THE JUSTICE OF JESUS.

Do we not, dear children, when thinking of a departed friend, do we not love to recall to our minds, everything in his character that made him especially dear to us? Thus we seem to bring his spirit back to us, and still keep his memory green in our hearts. That which was truly our friend we will not part with; our souls cling to it with an undying love. Thus felt the disciples and followers of Jesus after his cruel death: they went about from place to place, speaking to their fellow-men of Jesus, relating the beautiful and wonderful history of his life, teaching and comforting each other with his remembered words. Something of what these friends did, and said, and suffered, you may read of in the Acts of the Apostles; they wrote letters to the churches they had gathered together, and to each other, and some of these epistles you may read in the New Testament. Ever since the death of Jesus, his friends have been in the habit of meet-

ing together, and speaking of their heavenly teacher and friend ; but as time has passed on, the life and story of Jesus has seemed to grow farther and farther removed from men ; they have lost much of that sense of its reality, which the early christians had. And yet it was, and is, just as real and true, as if it had happened only yesterday. Suppose that some few weeks or months since, you had seen Jesus, suppose that you had been out to some of the beautiful groves around our city, and you had there all heard him speak words of love and wisdom to thousands of listeners : suppose that the hearts of some of you had been so much affected by the tones of his divine voice that you had eagerly pressed forward through the crowd that you might look in his heavenly face, and perhaps touch his garments, and that some hasty friend had, as the disciples did, pushed you aside and bid you stand off: and then imagine that you had heard him say "Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not," and he had laid his hands on your heads, and put his arms of love around you, and blessed you. And now suppose that not long after, you heard wild and cruel men in the streets, crying "Crucify him, crucify him," and that your parents took you into the house, and shut the doors and windows, and in sorrow and darkness told you that they were about killing in a most cruel manner this holy being, so full of love and goodness and gentle wisdom. And now imagine that you had heard that he had burst the bonds of the grave, and had risen to his Father and our Father, that he was a free spirit, still our friend, still the Saviour of those who obey his instructions and imitate his example.

If all this had happened within your own knowledge, would you not eagerly cry out, "Tell us every word he

said, tell us all he did, talk to us of him, and only of him, till we get the whole story of his life by heart : Let us be his followers." So I would have you feel when we speak of Jesus and all his goodness. We have spoken of his obedience to his parents, of his courage and truth, and now before we speak of what appears to have been the prevailing trait and crowning grace of his character, his infinite love, let us think a little of his justice. Perhaps there is no virtue that children think more of, than justice. You will forgive another if he says a harsh word to you, if you think it was just ; but no kindness of words or manner can make you tolerate injustice : let us go to the record of the life of Jesus, and see if he was not truly just.

In the first chapter of John it is related, that one of the disciples told Nathaniel that they had found him of whom the prophets spake—Jesus of Nazareth : " and Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth ? " This was an honest prejudice in Nathaniel's mind ; Nazareth was a despised place. Jesus seemed to understand Nathaniel, and to know what was in his heart ; but no selfish feeling could disturb the clear light of his mind ;—when he saw him coming toward him he said, " Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." There is something very beautiful in the simplicity with which Nathaniel received the praise of Jesus ; he feels its justice, and he simply asks him, " Whence knowest thou me ? " Jesus saw the peculiar weakness of his character, but he did justice to its truth and excellence, and promised to his honest, but doubting heart, yet greater proofs of his divine nature and mission. The perfect justice of Jesus to the character of Nathaniel is an example to us all—can we not try to imitate it ?

Jesus manifested this same justice to the character of the individual, in his treatment of Zaccheus the Publican, who it is related, could not on account of his small stature see him as he passed through the crowd, and therefore climbed a tree. Zaccheus was a Publican, and as such, hated by the Jews, because the duty of a Publican, was to collect the taxes for the Roman government. Jesus went to his house and dined with him; one of his twelve disciples also, Matthew, was a Publican: Jesus saw what was noble and good, in both these men, and by choosing them for his friends, and intimates, he exercised that perfect justice that looks at the character, and not at the position of the individual. Who is there that does not feel and acknowledge the justice of his decision, that the poor Publican, who would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, and cried "God be merciful to me a sinner," was justified, rather than the Pharisee, who had no sins to confess, and "thanked God that he was not as other men?" What is it that brings the tears to our eyes when we read the story of the poor widow, who cast her two mites into the treasury of the temple? It is the divine justice of Jesus who pronounced these two mites a richer gift than that of all the rich men? In the seventeenth chapter of Luke you will find the account of the ten lepers that Jesus healed; mark his justice in calling the attention of the Jews to the fact, that the only one of the ten who returned to express gratitude to him, and to God for deliverance from his cruel torment, was a Samaritan, that he was a stranger! Have we not strangers among us, poor and despised strangers and cannot we imitate Jesus, in calling the attention of the careless, and the unjust, to the unobserved virtues and forgotten rights



of these outcasts, who are yet our brethren? What a sublime lesson of justice in those simple words—"She hath done what she could," which Jesus uttered, in vindication of the woman who poured the rich ointment over his head a short time before his death; he saw the infinite love that consecrated the act. Study the parables of Jesus, and observe how many of them seem to have for their principal object the teaching of justice. The laborers in the vineyard, who all received the same compensation, because each one came when he was called, each one was equally faithful to his opportunity of serving his master, and what a rebuke of injustice and selfishness are those words, "Is thine eye evil because I am good?" The two sons who were asked by their father to work in his vineyard. The one who consented and did not go, and the one who refused and yet went. And more touching perhaps than all, the beautiful story of the Prodigal son. Those affecting words of the father to the son who had done no wrong, "Son thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." What are these words but a lesson and a revelation of divine justice. Jesus not only taught this perfect justice in words, in parables, he *was* what he taught, under the most trying circumstances, when suffering from the most wanton cruelty, when dying in agony, he was yet perfectly just. When even his friends disappointed and forsook him, he was just to them.

See him in the garden of Gethsemane, when he found that his dearest friends could not conquer their earthly nature so far as to watch with him. Hear his tender and

gentle rebuke—"Couldst not thou watch one hour?" and then listen to his justice—"The spirit truly is ready but the flesh is weak." And at the last, when with that all-conquering love, that embraced the guilty as well as the innocent, he prayed on the cross for his murderers, justice mingled with, and inspired his pity, and he uttered those divinely *just* words "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I have only spoken of a few of the most striking instances of the justice of Jesus; study his whole life, and you will find it is a record of justice to all; but I have chosen these instances as the most affecting and beautiful. May we not all, even children, in our humble measure imitate the justice of Jesus? We can be just to the weaknesses and prejudices of the good, we can be just to those among us who are despised, and persecuted, and oppressed, and are made to feel that they are strangers in this world. We can call the attention of our fellow-beings to their rights and their virtues. We can be just to those who have sinned and repent. We can be just to the holy and noble purposes and efforts of the poor who have only their two mites to put into God's treasury, and honor their gift more than the ostentatious deeds of charity of the rich man. We can like Jesus be just to the weaknesses of our friends, even though the spirit of their love is not strong enough to conquer their earthly weaknesses, and enable them to watch with us through those dark hours of life when we have to drink the bitter cup of sorrow.

We can like him be just to our fellow-beings, though they persecute and injure us. We can pray for blessings on them, and though by their cruelty they destroy us while we are trying to serve them, we can like Jesus, ask God to forgive them, because they know not what they do. E. L. F.

## A GOOD MAN'S MIRACLE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN every good action there is a divine quality, which does not end with the completion of that particular deed, but goes on to bring forth good works in an infinite series. It is seldom possible, indeed, for human eyes to trace out the chain of blessed consequences, that extends from a benevolent man's simple and conscientious act, here on earth, and connects it with those labors of love which the angels make it their joy to perform, in Heaven above. Sometimes, however, we meet with an instance in which this wonderful and glorious connection may clearly be perceived. It has always appeared to me, that a well-known incident in the life of Mr. Robert Raikes offers us one of the most hopeful and inspiring arguments, never to neglect even the humblest opportunities of doing good, as not knowing what vast purposes of Providence we may thereby subserve. This little story has been often told, but may here be related anew, because it so strikingly illustrates the remark with which we began.

Mr. Raikes, being in London, happened one day to pass through a certain street, which was inhabited chiefly by poor and ignorant people. In great cities, it is unfortunately the case, that the poor are compelled to be the neighbors and fellow-lodgers of the vicious; and that the ignorant seeing so much temptation around them, and having no kind advisers to direct them aright, almost inevitably go astray and increase the number of the bad. Thus, though doubtless there are many virtuous poor people, amidst all the vice that hides itself in the obscure streets of a great

city, like London, still it seems as if they were kept virtuous only by the special providence of God. If He should turn away his eyes for a single instant, they would be lost in the flood of evil that continually surrounds them. Now, Mr. Raikes, as he passed along, saw much to make him sad, for there were so many tokens of sin and wretchedness on all sides, that most persons, hopeless of doing any good, would have endeavored to forget the whole scene as soon as possible.

There is hardly a gloomier spectacle in the world than one of those obscure streets of London. The houses, which were old and ruinous, stood so close together as almost to shut out the sky, and even the sunshine, where a glimpse of it could be seen, was made dusky and dim by the smoke of the city. A kennel of muddy water flowed through the street. The general untidiness about the houses proved that the inhabitants felt no affection for their homes, nor took pride in making them decent and respectable. In these houses, it is to be feared that there were many people sick, suffering for food, and shivering with cold, and many, alas! who had fallen into the sore disease of sin, and sought to render their lives easier by dishonest practices. In short, the street seemed a place seldom visited by angels of mercy, or trodden by the footsteps of good men. Yet it were well that good men should often go thither, and be saddened by such reflections as now occurred to Mr. Raikes, in order that their hearts might be stirred up to attempt a reformation.

"Alas, what a spectacle is here!" thought this good man to himself. "How can any Christian remain idle, when there is so much evil to be remedied within a morning's walk of his own home?"



But we have not yet mentioned what it was that chiefly moved the heart of Mr. Raikes with sorrow and compassion. There were children at play in the street. Some were dabbling in the kennel, and splashing its dirty water over their companions, out of the mere love of mischief. Others, who had already been taught to gamble, were playing at pitch-and-toss for half-pence. Others, perhaps, were quarrelling and fighting. In a word—for we will not describe what it was so sad to witness—these poor children were growing up in idleness, with none but bad examples before their eyes, and without the opportunity of learning anything but evil. Their little, unclean faces looked already old in naughtiness; it seemed as if the vice and misery of the world had been born with them, and would cling to them as long as they existed. How sad a spectacle was this for a man like Mr. Raikes, who had always delighted in little children, and felt as if the world was made more beautiful, and his own heart the better, by their bright and happy faces! But, as he gazed at these poor little creatures, he thought that the world had never looked so dark, ugly, and sorrowful, as it did then.

“Oh, that I could save them!” thought he. “It were better for them to have been born among the wildest savages, than to grow up thus in a Christian country.”

Now, at the door of one of the houses, there stood a woman, who, though she looked poor and needy, yet seemed neater and more respectable than the other inhabitants of this wretched street. She, like Mr. Raikes, was gazing at the children; and perhaps her mind was occupied with reflections similar to his. It might be, that she had children of her own, and was ready to shed tears at

the thought, that they must grow up in the midst of such bad examples. At all events, when Mr. Raikes beheld this woman, he felt as if he had found somebody that could sympathise with him in his grief and anxiety.

"My good woman," said he, pointing to the children, "this is a dismal sight—so many of God's creatures growing up in idleness and ignorance, with no instruction but to do evil."

"Alas, good Sir," answered the woman, "it is bad enough on week-days, as you see;—but if you were to come into the street on a Sunday, you would find it a thousand times worse. On other days some of the children find employment, good or bad; but the Sabbath brings them all into the street together—and then there is nothing but mischief from morning till night."

"Ah, that is a sad case indeed," said Mr. Raikes. "Can the blessed Sabbath itself bring no blessing to these poor children? This is the worst of all."

And then, again, he looked along the street, with pity and strong benevolence; for his whole heart was moved by what he saw. The longer he considered, the more terrible did it appear that those children should grow up in ignorance and sin, and that the germs of immortal goodness, which Heaven had implanted in their souls, should be for ever blighted by neglect. And the earnestness of his compassion quickened his mind to perceive what was to be done. As he stood gazing at the spectacle that had so saddened him, an expression of delightful hope broke forth upon his face, and made it look as if a bright gleam of sunshine fell across it. And, if moral sunshine could be discerned on physical objects, just such a brightness would have shone through the gloomy street.

gladdening all the dusky windows, and causing the poor children to look beautiful and happy. Not only in that wretched street would the light of gladness have appeared ; it might have spread from thence all round the earth ; for there was now a thought on the mind of Mr. Raikes, that was destined, in no long time, to make the whole world brighter than it had been hitherto.

And what was that thought ?

It must be considered that Mr. Raikes was not a very rich man. There were thousands of people in England, to whom Providence had assigned greater wealth than he possessed, and who, as one would suppose, might have done far more good to their fellow-creatures than it lay in his power to do. There was a king, too, and princes, lords and statesmen, who were set in lofty places, and entrusted with the making and administration of the laws. If the condition of the world was to be improved, were not these the men to accomplish it ? But the true faculty of doing good consists not in wealth nor station, but in the energy and wisdom of a loving heart, that can sympathize with all mankind, and acknowledges a brother or a sister in every unfortunate man or woman, and an own child in each neglected orphan. Such a heart was that of Mr. Raikes ; and God now rewarded him with a blessed opportunity of conferring more benefit on his race, than he, in his humility, had ever dreamed of. And it would not be too much to say, that the king and his nobles, and the wealthy gentlemen of England, with all their boundless means, had for many years, done nothing so worthy of grateful remembrance, as what was now to be effected by this humble individual.

And yet how simple was this great idea, and how small

the means by which Mr. Raikes proceeded to put it in execution! It was merely, to hire respectable and intelligent women, at the rate of a shilling each, to come, every Sabbath, and keep little schools for the poor children whom he had seen at play. Perhaps the good woman with whom Mr. Raikes had spoken in the street, was one of his new school-mistresses. Be that as it might, the plan succeeded, and, attracting the notice of benevolent people, was soon adopted in many other dismal streets of London. And this was the origin of Sunday-schools. In course of time, similar schools were established all over that great city, and thence extended to the remotest parts of England, and across the ocean to America, and to countries at a world-wide distance, where the humble name of Robert Raikes had never been pronounced.

That good man has now long been dead. But still, on every Sabbath-morning, in the cities and country villages, and wheresoever the steeple of a church points upward to the sky, the children take their way to the Sunday-school. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have there received instruction, which has been more profitable to them than all the gold on earth. And we may be permitted to believe, that, in the celestial world, where the founder of the system now exists, he has often met with other happy spirits, who have blessed him as the earthly means by which they were rescued from hopeless ignorance and evil, and guided on the path to Heaven. Is not this a proof, that when the humblest person acts in the simplicity of a pure heart, and with no design but to do good, *God* may be expected to take the matter into His all-powerful hands, and adopt the action as his own?



## 'OUR FATHER.'

The following interesting little narrative is translated from the introductory chapter of Aimé Martin's *Treatise on the Education of Mothers*. May it awaken the attention of our young readers to the rich treasures of instruction and consolation contained in the familiar words, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven,' and correct the thoughtless carelessness with which they too often repeat them as an unmeaning form.

I was residing in the pleasant village of Chateaufort, about two leagues from Versailles. At the bottom of the valley on the left, is still seen an elegant mansion, so fortunately situated, that the woods, the hills, the pastures and the hamlets which surround it, seem the natural appendages of its parks and gardens. At the side of this mansion, a little above the brook is the village school-house, pleasantly shaded and constructed upon a model only to be found in the romances of Augustus Lafontaine; in front is a hedge surmounted by a mill, erected as it were to please the eye and delight the painter; then a little chapel, where rests, beneath a modest tree, the lady of the place, who died in the flower of her age, but whose piety and beauty have left a long remembrance. This group of trees, houses and pavilions, with two Gothic turrets appearing in the wood, form an exquisite point of view in the midst of the most profound solitude; for the road is tracked only by the heavy wagons of wood-carriers and the feet of the flocks, which towards the end of autumn, enliven the valley.

Every Sunday, summoned by the chapel-bell, I went thither to hear mass. It was a beautiful sight to view the peasant women in their simple attire, proceeding at the

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Every Sunday, summoned by the chapel-bell, I went thither to hear mass. It was a beautiful sight to view the peasant women in their simple attire, proceeding at the

same hour, and from all points of the valley, across the meadow ; I say the peasant *women*, for in the hamlets it is the women only who go to church. It happened however sometimes, that I had a companion. This was a venerable man whose ardent and ingenuous piety I was never weary of admiring. Notwithstanding his coarse apparel and a certain air of indigence, his whole person expressed tranquillity, and by an inexplicable charm, in proportion as I contemplated him, this tranquillity extended from his soul to mine. My curiosity was excited by thus meeting this man ; I inquired concerning him, and soon learned that he lived on public charity. I was told that at an advanced age, he had lost two brave youths who should have been his support ; one of them died at Bérésina, and the other at Waterloo ; while their mother did not long survive them. Excited by this account, I accosted him, at the same time presenting him with a small donation, ‘ You need,’ said I to him, ‘ a warmer coat ; the winter will be rough, and you should think of it a little beforehand.’

He raised his eyes towards me, his look was serene. ‘ And why need I think of it,’ said he in a feeling tone, ‘ since God has put a care for me into the hearts of good people ? ’

Here is a man, said I to myself, quite contented. I must inquire into the occupations of his life, and the extent of his ideas.

‘ Can you read ? ’ said I to him.

‘ Yes, Sir. In my youth I received lessons from the curate, a very excellent man who took pleasure in instructing children.’

‘ And have you any books ? ’

‘ Oh ! at my age we read no more, we pray.’



‘Do you then pray often?’

‘It is a great happiness to pray. In the evening seated at the door of my poor hut, which you see down there under the chestnut trees, I behold the setting sun, and I say ‘Our Father!’

‘And is that all your prayer?’

‘Is there any which can better fill the heart?’ ‘Our Father.’ Frequently, after having uttered these words, I pause and view the flocks returning from the fields to give us their milk; I gaze on the sun which rises and sets over the valley, and I bless his warmth which causes the grass to grow in our meadows, the fruit on our trees, and the corn in our fields. Oh, I feel indeed that my prayer is true, and I have only to think every evening upon these words, Our Father.’

‘And what do you do in bad weather?’

‘I look up to the sky; I see those vast clouds which traverse it, coming from I know not whence, driven by the wind, careering without noise, and like watering pots pouring the rain here and there upon the plains, which resume their verdure and gives us bread, butter and honey in due proportions, precisely as if God himself placed them in our hands. Ah! Our Father who art in Heaven, Thou wilt live forever. Men cannot put Thee to death as they did my poor children.’

Thus speaking the old man’s eyes filled with tears; his head reclined, and I heard him softly murmuring some words, as if he was continuing his prayer.

‘My poor Bertrand,’ he resumed after a moment’s silence, ‘he was the youngest, and he died at Waterloo, shouting, Long live the Emperor! Ah! if he had cried, Our Father, who art in Heaven! perhaps he might have

been living still ; and my poor wife, who so soon followed him, I might not have lost her ! But it was the will of Our Father ; and I bless Him,' added he, drying his eyes, 'for he has supplied the place of my children with good people.'

'You are too solitary in the depths of the valley, you ought to draw a little nearer to the village.'

'Alas !' he replied, 'I cannot quit my house, there I saw my children born, and there their mother died ; besides, as our curate says, he who can converse with God, is never alone.'

'And are you contented with your lot ?'

'How should I be otherwise ? God has never forsaken me.'

'Oh, you deserve to be so still more, excellent man,' I cried, 'Here, take this money and pray for me—for me, who am subjected to fewer trials, but who may not presume to call myself as happy as you.'

'Should we then pray for money ?' asked he with emotion ; and with a trembling hand he put back the gift which I wished to present to him.

I felt that I had wounded him.

'Forgive me,' I said to him. 'I wished, like all worldly people, to make a selfish present. But I acknowledge my fault, and I shall know how to repair it.'

While thus speaking, I siezed his pious hand, which I kissed with holy reverence. I then withdrew, with my heart full of all I had just been hearing.

I had gone only a few steps, when he cried, 'I will pray to God for you, and also for your little children, if you have any not yet old enough to know how to pray.'

It is related of the celebrated astronomer Tycho Brahe,

that one night on leaving his observatory, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a tumultuous crowd which filled the public square. Upon inquiring into the cause of so great a concourse, they pointed out to him in the constellation of Cygnus, a brilliant star, which he, aided by the best telescopes, had never perceived. Such are the accidents which humble the learned, and promote science. My situation closely resembled that of the great astronomer. A simple peasant had just pointed out to me the star which I had been vainly seeking for many years. The example of this old man, happy in his misfortunes, calm in his afflictions, had conducted me to the Source of good and evil.

L. O.

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THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Low down among the tall wavy grass lies a little boy dying. His heavy form and drooping head press down the slender stems, and hollow for themselves a soft, green cradle shaded by fragrant flowers. He nestles close to these fresh living things as if they could bring back the life which is deserting him, and draws near to earth's bosom, as the child to the mother, who, though speechless, gives him inexpressible sympathy and support.

He had toiled up the steep mountain by barren places and rocks varied only by the sombre green of the pines, buoyed up by the hope of health, which a wise man had foretold should be restored to him on this mountain ; and when he came suddenly on a spot of his own valley green

spread in this dreary place like a couch for his last repose, he threw himself on it in an agony of mingled feelings, and told his mother that he could die there contented.

Not so easily could the fond mother give up the hope which had so long supported her. She implored her son not to cast away the life he had so nearly reached. She reminded him of all which there is in this beautiful world to interest an ardent spirit like his, and of herself, who loved and knew it all only as he loved and interpreted it. She besought him to lean on her ; to let her carry him, as she had done in his first years, to the summit, where he would be restored to her.

But a strange apathy had come over him. Though a loving and docile son, he was now deaf to his mother's prayers. He lay in his cradle, like a child just waked from his sleep, playing with the grassy stems, or raising his eyes to the soft clouds which floated over him, perfectly indifferent to all beyond.

At first his refusal made his mother almost frantic, but when she perceived with what composure he set aside her entreaties, heeding them only while she spoke and relapsing instantly into this calm, fixed state, she felt that there was something in him stronger than his love of life or his feelings for her, and her passionate exclamations were stilled before him.

As the hours passed on and she saw him still free from the suffering he had endured for many months, and observed the tranquil expression of his face as of one who had found at last what he sought over all the world, her fears for the future yielded to the present happiness, and quietly holding her son's hand, she waited the event.

All the long hours of the summer afternoon the boy



stirred not, spoke not. Sometimes his eyes sought the blue arch above, as if its secrets were opening to him ; sometimes they were closed, as if by excess of emotion ; and again, they sent to his mother precious messages of tenderness and consolation.

Thus the hours wore on. The hope of seeing her boy restored to health, which had brought her to this high lonely spot, faded from the mother's heart, and in those few hours greater changes of thought and feeling went over her than could have come to pass in years of ordinary life. She and her son were alone in the presence of their Maker. All around was grand and lasting, inspiring thoughts of eternity and infinite power. The mountain, with its dark pines unchanged by ages, kept no count of a few years—the voice of the torrent, ceaseless from the beginning of the world—the arch of the sky, clear and unbroken as when first hung over the landscape—all these, stealing into her mind, whispered to her the small importance of longer or shorter existence here, except as our departure leaves friends desolate or helpless. In these great presences she felt the littleness of all which her son could have done or enjoyed in the longest life, and as she looked abroad into infinite space, she felt that in any other spot of this wide universe, his spirit might grow and live as happily as here. She felt resigned to his departure—she alone was the sufferer ; and as she bent over his dear face she felt how easy it would be to bear only her own griefs.

As the slant beams of the sun rested on the face of the youth, he signed feebly to his mother for water ; she dropped his hand unwillingly and ran to find a spring whose murmur had been the only sound which broke the stillness

of that afternoon. It was close beside her, and stealing under a veil of green mosses, its waters collected in a cleft in the rock, and trickled down its side in a stream large enough to refresh the traveller. She hastened to bear it to her son. The sparkling and the coolness tempted him, and he drank deeply.

His mother bathed his pale brow and burning forehead, loitering in her labor as if she feared each pressure would be the last. To her surprise the hues of death which had settled on him, passed from his face. A faint color stole into his cheeks—life shone again in his eyes—strength was infused into his languid frame. He returned from his strange calm state to one more like his former self. He rose and went toward the spring whence the reviving draught came. His mother followed him, not without awe. He gazed at the stream some moments, then turning to her, said solemnly, “My heart is too full for words, even to thee dearest mother. A deliverance like this demands, not exclamations and gestures, but the earnest devotion of all future years; actions, not passionate words, can give fit expression to my feelings. Had we tasted this spring before, dear mother, all this fainting and weariness would have been spared us, and we should not have known before its time the agony of parting. Little did we think in our hour of extremest need that the succour we sought lay so near. Never again will I feel myself deserted. Should all circumstances close around me, and my way seem to lead through the rock foundations of the earth, my trust shall not fail; I will believe that the charm and the power lie nearer than the danger, and for the most part within in my own soul.”

c.

## JOHN THE LEPER.

## A TALE.

MANY centuries ago, there lived, among the mountains of Palestine, a man whose name we will call John. His habitation was of humble pretensions, and was situated near Capernaum. John was occupied, a part of the time in tilling the earth, and a part, in the care of his flocks and herds. He was industrious, honest and pious. His family consisted of himself and wife, a daughter and a son. He had many kindred who dwelt in the neighborhood. He was not wealthy, and did not make any display in his style of living ; but he was so kind in his feelings, and so amiable and hospitable in his temper and manners that his kindred and his neighbors delighted to visit him at his home. Three times each year it was his custom to go to Jerusalem to attend the great religious feasts of his nation. He delighted to worship the God who had shown favors to his nation and who had given him health and friends, and all the needed comforts of life. Through John's industry and care, his flocks and fields supplied him and his family with a comfortable subsistence from year to year, and life was passing prosperously and happily with them. The little daughter, Rebecca, was becoming more and more intelligent each year, and was now old enough to go out to meet her father as he returned at dusk from his daily labor in the fields. As John approached his home at night, his little Rebecca would run out to meet him and tell over what had happened at the house in his absence. She was an active, sprightly and intelligent child ; obedient to her parents and kind to her little brother who was young-

er than herself. Life, as we said, was passing happily with this good and pious family. But this happiness was suddenly interrupted. A sad calamity overtook them ; a calamity which not only robbed life of its pleasures but for a time made life itself a burden.

It was discovered that John had the leprosy ! and by the laws of the country he must leave his fields, his friends, his home, and even his family and must dwell away from society. The disease with which he was afflicted was one which medicines and care could seldom, if ever, cure, and which in all probability must waste away his life by a slow, painful and loathsome process. It was a disease which those who approached him were in danger of catching by infection, and it was for this reason that the persons afflicted with it must be separated from society. When the symptoms of the leprosy made their appearance upon the person and features of John, he was obliged to quit the fields, the neighborhood, and the home where he delighted to be, and to leave behind him his wife and children, and all the friends he held dear ; and to go to some unpeopled place and pass as best he might, the remaining years of his painful and cheerless life. He went to a wild and desert mountain not far from Capernaum and there sought out among the crags a natural cave, which for a time, and until he could prepare a sort of tent, he made his home. He suffered the ravages of disease and had no kind friends at hand to relieve his distress by affectionate care, or soothe his sorrow and cheer his spirits by expressions of sympathy or deeds of kindness. When the night came he would enter this cave, wrap his tattered garments about him and lay himself down upon the earth to rest his aching frame. But disease was raging within and upon him and no sleep



could visit his weeping eyes. Wearily pass the long hours of the night and it seems to him as if morning would never come. He tosses from side to side uneasy and in pain. Repeatedly each night he quits the cave and gazes in the east to see if he can discern signs of approaching day, and then returns to his cave again but finds no rest. Nought is heard but the howl of beasts and the roar of winds. No sound comes to cheer his solitude. No friendly footstep comes that way. The glimmering light of the distant tent speaks only of human comforts and social pleasures which he never more may share. He wonders if there is any mercy yet in store for him. At length the dawn appears, and its first glow in the east brings to him a transient joy. The birds begin their merry songs, and morning sunlight bathes the meadows and the fields, but these notes and scenes speak to him only of pleasures which he cannot share. The smoke as it curls upward from many a family fire in the distant valley reminds him of those comforts of domestic life from which, he, alas! is an exile. His disease is growing worse. No ray of hope seems to gild his future. He thinks of friends at his former home with almost a frenzy of desire to see them, but not for all imaginable joys would he impart to them the disease which has banished him from society and is wasting away his weary life.

Time rolls on.—Rebecca is now twelve years of age, and James, her brother, is nine. Rebecca remembers her father's kindness and his looks, and sometimes speaks of them to little James. They see the neighboring children enjoying the care and company of a father, and grieve for their own. The charity of relatives and friends aids to supply what in former years had been procured and

earned by John's cheerful labor. The mother seldom speaks of John, and sometimes when she hears the joys of home described, she heaves a sigh. She has few words about her absent and afflicted husband, but often, as little James was at his plays would his smile or his gait or a tone of his voice remind her of John, and she would take the little fellow up and kiss him for his father's sake.

At length they hear of Jesus and his cures. The son of a neighbor, as they hear, has been restored from blindness. When Mary, this good mother, hears of this, she, without delay visits that neighbor and learns that the story is correct, and that many others also have been cured of leprosy, of palsy, and of other diseases. She feels unutterable joy.

Perhaps John may yet be restored and come home !

She forthwith despatches James to the mountain to find his father and inform him that Jesus of Nazareth is performing marvellous cures and may perhaps cure him. She feels intense solicitude for James's success in his undertaking. When James arrives at the mountain, however, he does not find his father. He goes to the place where his tent had been, he goes to the cave, and he makes search among the crags and trees of the mountain but cannot find John. The tent in which he had lived is still there, and everything around looks as if John continued to occupy it. But nowhere is his father to be found. Whether that parent has been devoured by beasts, or whether he has strayed away and died, James is unable to conjecture. He has no knowledge where his father can be. His effort is to avail nothing. With a heavy heart he commences his homeward journey.

One clear morning John discovered, at a distance in the valley below, a vast multitude of persons approaching the mountain. He was astonished to see such numbers together and wondered for what purpose they had met and whither they were going. This mass of people ascended an eminence quite near to that on which John's tent was situated. One individual in the centre took his seat and commenced speaking to the multitude who were standing in mute attention around him. It seemed a long address. John could not conceive what all this meant. After a while he saw persons, apparently blind, led up by their friends to the speaker, and soon after he would see them leave the spot with joyous step and without being led. He noticed, too, that persons seeming to be cripples were brought into the midst of the crowd on mattresses, and that soon afterwards they would suddenly rise up from their beds and manifest great joy and gratitude to the person in the centre who had been speaking.

At length he saw a man approach the speaker whom he recognized as a former neighbor who had been afflicted with the palsy. He observed that in a moment afterwards this man seemed vigorous and well. John now knew that strange cures were being wrought by the person in the midst of that crowd of people, and instantly resolved to present himself for restoration. Putting on his rent garment ; and covering his lip ; and with his head bare ; all of which were signs of sorrow and of leprosy, he forthwith made his way to the eminence, near by, on which the multitude had been assembled. As he drew near to the crowd he cried out, "unclean ! unclean ! !"—and the multitude as if in terror and consternation opened wide to the right and left, and the Leper approached the person

of whom he expected favor. As he drew near he met the eye of him who had been so marvellously exercising healing power. There was such majesty and such benignity in that eye, that the eager step of John was checked, and, almost involuntarily, he fell down in reverence before the "Great Physician," and, with subdued and faltering accents, and in importunate tones he exclaimed—"If thou wilt thou canst make me clean!" John, at this time, was an hideous object to behold. Leprosy had softened the bones of his frame, and caused him to look deformed. It had covered his person with sores, and consumed some of his joints. He looked like a mis-shapen mass of living corruption; but this appearance which in the multitude excited only feelings of disgust and abhorrence, and indignation at the intrusion, excited in the mind of the good Physician feelings of the deepest compassion, and he exclaimed "I will,—be thou clean!" and immediately the leprosy was cleansed: John was sound and strong, healthy and happy. He went directly to the priest to perform some grateful religious service, and then forthwith proceeded to his home.

Mary and Rebecca were anxiously awaiting the return of James. The shades of night had gathered around their humble abode, and they had just made their evening prayer when John with rapid step approached the house. His wife and child heard his footsteps. He arrived at the door and without ceremony was proceeding to enter. They were agitated with doubts and fears. But in a moment their doubts and fears were dispelled, and they saw before them the long-absent husband and father.

James was expected on the following morning. Rebecca was impatient to see him, and several times in the



morning went upon the housetop to try if she could see him coming. But James had tarried upon the mountain, searching for his father and did not return as soon as they had hoped. At length, however, he is seen at a distance, and Rebecca, with a light and nimble step, which youth and joy together alone can give, ran forth to meet him. James saw his sister coming. How lightly she trips over the ground, thought he, and oh! how sadly will she grieve to learn that all my toil and search have been in vain. In a moment more he could see her joyous and expressive face. It was radiant with delight: but those nimble steps, (thought he) will soon give place to the heavy tread of wo, and those smiles, to tears and grief. He dreaded to disappoint the joyous expectations of one whom he so much loved, and thought he would by slow degrees make known his ill success. Rebecca understood his woeful look, and good-humoredly thought she would sport with it by pretending ignorance and pretending to be disappointed, but her better feelings would not allow her so to trifle with him on such an occasion. And without waiting for a word from him she at once told him the good news.

Health seemed more precious and home more pleasant to John than ever before. Never till now did he so much enjoy domestic life and social intercourse, and never before did the trees, and fields, and dwellings of his neighborhood look so beautiful, and so attractive. Each common every day enjoyment was doubly dear from contrast with the horrid condition of the past, from which a deed of compassion had rescued him.

At the commencement of the eighth chapter of Mat-

thew it is stated that when Jesus was come or as he was coming "down from the mountain, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying: 'Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.' And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, 'I will, be thou clean,' " &c. &c.

If we imagine the leper who came forth to meet the Saviour at the close of his sermon on the mount, (Mat. 8—1 to 5,) to have been the person whose history has been briefly traced in the preceding sketch we shall not be far from the truth.

From our knowledge of the nature of the disease of leprosy and of the laws and customs relating to it, we have imagined and sketched as nearly as we could the experience and conduct of the leper mentioned in the passage of scripture to which we have referred, and we have done so with a view to illustrate the compassion of Jesus, to awaken gratitude towards him, and to incite to imitation of that distinguishing virtue of his character. With one or two brief and obvious reflections we will close. 1. We think John had occasion to be grateful for restoration to health, to home, and to friends, and should be surprised and shocked if he failed to express it. Have we not occasion for still deeper gratitude that those same great blessings have been given to us without interruption? 2. The outward comforts and blessings of life are unstable and insecure, and may at any time, and when we least expect it, be withdrawn. It is not becoming therefore to put on airs and assume superiority on account of them, but rather it seems proper that they be used with moderation, humility and gratitude. 3. In deepest adversity we should sustain ourselves with faith and fortitude for though *we* see no prospect or way of relief, God may provide a way.

4. We should not suffer ourselves to be dejected in spirits nor to murmur when we are overtaken by the ills of life ; for they enable us with keener zest to enjoy their opposites. 5. When a person voluntarily neglects his own ease and comfort and labors, and endures pain that he may confer happiness on others, he is regarded as a benefactor worthy of praise. A single instance of disinterested benevolence and compassion in the course of a man's life is often dwelt on by historians and blazoned forth by biographers as entitling the individual to the gratitude and imitation of mankind. Jesus was "a man of sorrows" and "acquainted with grief,"—and "had not where to lay his head." He forbore to use his high powers for selfish gratification ; and not once only, but continually during his ministry, exercised them in deeds of compassion with which the loftiest deeds of men are not for a moment to be compared. Never may we read without emotion the story of his life, filled as it was, with unrivalled deeds of self-sacrificing mercy. The sacred historian, with characteristic simplicity, and power of expression remarks that "He went about doing good."

As we admire his compassion, let us imitate it. As we love him for his sympathy with those in distress, let us to the extent of our more humble powers, and in our more limited spheres, copy this ennobling trait of his character. A. C.

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If we truly believed in the immortality of our souls, the fear of death would not thwart and mar the best exertions and enjoyments of our life ; nor should we fear any of those evils, the worst and last of which, is death.—*C. Follen.*

## H Y M N.

## THE COMING OF CHRIST IN THE POWER OF HIS GOSPEL \*

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

LORD Jesus come ! for here  
Our path through wilds is laid,  
We watch as for the day-spring near,  
Amid the breaking shade.

Lord Jesus, come ! for still  
Vice shouts her maniac mirth,  
And famished thousands crave their fill,  
While teems the fruitful earth.

Lord Jesus, come ! for hosts  
Meet on the battle plain,  
Here patriots mourn ; the tyrant boasts,  
And tears are shed like rain.

Hark ! herald voices near  
Proclaim thy happier day ;  
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !  
We wait to strew thy way.

Come, as in days of old,  
With words of grace and power !  
Gather us all within thy fold,  
And never leave us more.

\* These lines were written some years ago.



## THE ELDER STAFF.

FROM KRUMACHER.

A hunter was walking with his son in the fields, and a deep brook flowed between them. The boy wished to get over to his father, but he could not, for the brook was very wide. So he went and cut a stick in the bushes, put the staff into the brook, leaned boldly upon it and gave a great leap. But lo! it was the branch of an elder-bush, and whilst the boy was suspended over the brook, the staff broke in two in the middle, and the boy fell deep into the water, and the waves splashed and rushed together over him.

A herdsman saw this from a distance, and ran up and cried out. But the boy blew the water from his mouth and swam laughing to the shore.

Then said the herdsman to the hunter, "You seem to have taught your son a good many things, but one thing you have forgotten. Why have you not accustomed him also to examine *the inside*, before he opens his heart to confidence? If he had tried the weak pith of the inside, he would not have trusted to the deceitful bark."

"Friend," answered the hunter, "I have trained his eye and exercised his strength, and so I can trust him to experience. Time may teach him distrust. But even in temptation he will remain upright, for his eye is clear and his strength practised."

## TEACHER'S SOCIAL UNION.

THIS Association met at the Suffolk Street Chapel on Monday evening, Dec. 18th.

Rev. Mr. Sargent opened the meeting with prayer and presided during its deliberations. Subject for discussion—"The peculiar duties and responsibilities of Sunday School Teachers." Elijah Cobb, Esq. remarked that although the subject was first suggested by him it had not been his intention to commence the discussion of it. As it seemed to be expected of him, however, he would do it. The Sunday School at present was a popular Institution, and some might enter it perhaps for that reason. He would not question their motives but, said he, we hear complaints that teachers in some cases are unfaithful, that they neglect the teachers' meetings and are inconstant at the school. Is it right to take these duties upon us and then neglect them? The members of one's class should not be allowed to go to school and find no teacher there. A teacher on leaving the city should be as careful to provide for his class as for the management of his business during his absence. Teachers too were wanting in interest in teachers' meetings. This chapel, said he, would not contain one half of the persons who should be here to-night.

Mr. W—— of the Divinity School thought that teachers should be better acquainted with their pupils so as to recognize and speak to them in the streets or at their homes. They ought to know not only the looks but likewise the dispositions of their pupils. He thought if a teacher failed to recognize his scholars in the streets; or when visiting them at their homes, mistook their brothers or sisters for the pupils themselves, that the scholars would feel their pride touched, and parents would conclude such a teacher could not be very devoted. By knowing his scholars familiarly the teacher can the better adapt his counsels to their particular faults. In his opinion it would be well for teachers occasionally to meet their scholars ostensibly for merely

social purposes, but really with a view to observe their distinguishing traits of character. He had often wished he might join his pupils in their plays without embarrassing them, in order that through such free intercourse with them he might better understand their besetting sins, and characteristic dispositions and the better adapt his instructions to their wants.

Mr. Carter remarked that an individual in becoming a Sunday school teacher enters into a sort of contract to do a specific work. In consenting to become a Sunday school teacher he voluntarily takes upon himself the character of a preacher of christianity to the young. He regarded preparation from time to time as highly important. No one could safely rely on his talents or his general stock of knowledge, for if he did, his instructions would be monotonous and uninteresting; but each should diligently prepare from time to time for the duty of instructing his class, and should avail himself of opportunities offered, at teachers' meetings for learning the views and opinions of others interested, and co-operating in the same work. The christian minister does not attempt to preach without having studied his sermon. The individual who is a christian minister to the young, should not appear before his class without due preparation. The christian minister attends conventions of ministers, that he may learn from others of his profession, what may perhaps never have occurred to his own mind, and to impart to them in return any useful thoughts he may himself possess. The Sunday school teacher would in like manner be profited by regular attendance at teachers' meetings.

Mr. Martin Lincoln regarded it as most important among the duties of the teacher to practice in his life what he teaches in the school. Teachers should seize on events occurring around them as illustrations of principles or as means of enforcing truth. If he saw a scholar torture an insect it would be an occasion for a lesson upon cruelty. If a little girl were putting on airs on account of a new bonnet he would

have the teacher speak about vanity, &c. Teachers should exemplify in conduct what they taught in school. They should not be like guide-boards—pointing the way to others while remaining stationary themselves, but should while pointing the way to others, walk therein themselves. Rev. Mr. Thurston spoke a few words in favor of teachers meeting together to communicate upon their peculiar duties, and insisted particularly that they should in all relations and places preserve *consistency* or *wholeness* of character, &c. &c. Mr. R. W. Bayley thought our Sunday School teachers were not sufficiently earnest—were not *heart* teachers. A few remarks, excellent in their spirit, were then made by Mr. J. N. Daniell, after which the meeting adjourned with its customary forms.

This Association met again on Monday evening, Jan. 15th, at the vestry of Rev. Mr. Coolidge's church in Purchase Street—Rev. Mr. C. presiding. Services commenced with prayer by Rev. Mr. Coolidge. The subject for discussion was the same as at the previous meeting. Mr. R. W. Bayley commenced the discussion by enumerating what he conceived to be the duties of Sunday School teachers—making remarks upon punctuality and regularity of attendance at the school and at teachers' meetings, fidelity in preparation, &c. &c. Mr. Bond remarked that teachers in their instructions should not assume to be always right in opinions or conduct, but should speak to their pupils as being themselves imperfect and liable to error. Mr. Babcock said that with the Sunday School teacher, as with the christian minister, his *character* is his most effectual means of influencing others. Mr. Nute stated that he, when young, had attended a Sunday School; that he was instructed by an aged and grey headed deacon who was not particularly agreeable, and that he used to dislike the school and feel glad when its exercises ended. Upon this he proceeded to remark, how desirable it is that Sunday School teachers, should be fond of children, and how readily children perceive it when adults are fond of them. He further remarked that although his former teacher had seemed stern and been



disagreeable to him, yet that teacher had implanted principles and truths in his mind the benefits of which he was still enjoying. He thought the teacher should pursue his labors with a spirit of faith and of prayer. Mr. Reynolds remarked that teachers should not speak in generalities, but should aim to instruct and influence their pupils by referring to particular examples of practical duty or to events in their own daily or weekly experience.

Mr. Hubbard spoke of the duty of teachers to develop the powers and affections of their own minds. If they adequately discharged the duty of *self-culture*, they would in so doing best prepare themselves to exert influence upon others.

Rev. Mr. Thurston thought it among the duties of teachers to make constant progress in holiness. Mr. Babcock observed that no one could be a CHRISTIAN who did not make *progress* in excellence. And in reference to a remark made by Mr. Reynolds in favor of teaching by practical examples, stated that he (Mr. B.) liked that mode of instruction the better from it having been practiced by our Saviour. It was not the habit of our Saviour to moralize, but to teach by reference to passing events. Teachers should check and control their passions on all occasions. It was better to lose a limb or an eye, than to lose one's patience on even a single occasion.

Mr. Bayley spoke of a teacher who excused himself from his class one Sunday afternoon, and was afterwards seen on that day taking a sleigh-ride. What could be thought of the fidelity of such a teacher? If he should speak to his class of the duty of keeping the Sabbath day holy, what could be the effect of his instruction? The Sabbath School teacher who continues to act in that capacity for any considerable length of time is publicly known *as such*, and it becomes the more important, therefore, that his deportment should always and everywhere be such as befits his office.

Rev. Mr. Coolidge remarked that teachers ought not to be discouraged, though they see not the fruits of their labors. The truth which they impart is not their own. It is God's

truth. Teachers have nothing to do with it but to "think it out," "pray over it," and express it "as God shall give them utterance." It is God's truth, and its effect *must be* sure and good. He further spoke of the importance and utility of habits of daily prayer on the part of teachers.

The Dismission hymn was then sung, after which the services of the evening were closed with a benediction by Mr. Coolidge.

This subject was so general in its character, that it was feared by some, that a pointed and practical discussion could not grow out of it; but the event agreeably disappointed those who entertained such fears, and the association has seldom held meetings calculated to be more useful in quickening in the minds of teachers a sense of their high responsibility than the two to which this notice refers. And it was at once a gratifying and encouraging circumstance connected with them that the discussion was not sustained by a few, but by many; not by those alone who in times past have been accustomed to enlighten and enliven similar meetings, but by those also whose voices have seldom been heard, perhaps, beyond their own classes or schools. Extended, as is this notice, it yet is far from being complete. Some excellent remarks were made, and some gentlemen contributed to the debate which are not hinted at, or named in this sketch. Not only were words of wisdom uttered, but a truly Christian spirit seemed to be manifest—a spirit which is full of promise as to the usefulness of the occasions which call it out, and which is needed and is useful everywhere.

We intend to say nothing in relation to these meetings, or to the Association under whose auspices they were held, which shall savor of extravagance, but we cannot but regard them as efficient means of spiritual progress to those who conduct them, and fraught with benefits to our Sabbath Schools.

A. C.